(Cannibal) Family Snapshots

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(Cannibal) Family Snapshots

by Lady_Thunder

Summary

A series of one-shots that take place in the same universe as "Like Home" but are less chronological.

Notes

I decided to create this series so I can post content that I feel is too short for a chapter of "Like Home".

This first chapter takes place between chapters 22 and 23 of "Like Home".

Chapter 1

Will had been right about Hannibal working fewer hours. After two days with a more regular routine, it became obvious how much of Abigail's development he had missed.

To begin with, Abigail barely recognized him. She was friendly, but fussed if he held her for too long and wouldn't calm down until she was in Will's arms. Once there, she would nuzzle him and cling to his shirt.

"She just needs to spend time with you," Will said after the second time this happened.

They began slowly, with Hannibal sitting on the floor with Abigail as she played. She ignored him for a few minutes before deciding that he needed to watch over one of her blocks.

"Guard it with your life," Will joked as Abigail crawled back to the rest of her assembled toys.

"I intend to," Hannibal replied in a serious tone.

More blocks were slowly given over to Hannibal's care before Abigail decided to stay and stack the blocks that she had given him. Her towers were small and easily fell, but she looked up at Hannibal for approval whenever she finished one.

"Try this," Hannibal suggested, placing a small block on top of a larger one.

Abigail knocked the small block off then looked up at Hannibal. He calmly put the block back and she knocked it off again, this time with a smile.

"Oh no, you've invented a new game," Will said with a knowing smile.

Hannibal chuckled and put the block back in place. Abigail made a small noise at him then knocked it off. Hannibal cocked his head and replaced the block. Abigail made the noise again and knocked the block over. Forming a hypothesis, Hannibal put the block back and lightly chuffed at her. Abigail looked up and made her small noise back before knocking the block from its place. Hannibal repeated his experiment twice more before looking at Will.

"I believe she's an alpha," Hannibal announced.

"She's not even a year old," Will reminded him. "She won't present until she hits puberty."

"Certain traits can be present from birth," Hannibal countered. "Abigail is chuffing, something only alphas do."

"No wonder she doesn't like you," Will mused. "You're a rival alpha."

"That is not something to be ruled out," Hannibal nodded.

Will shook his head and watched his mate and pup play.

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Abigail's first birthday arrived, and Hannibal insisted on being the sole planner of her party. Handwritten invitations were mailed out to Clarice Starling, Alana and Margot, and even Jack Crawford.

On the day of the party, Jack had to be in court, but sent a teddy bear as an apology. Clarice nervously showed up with some onesies and left early to finish some homework. Alana and Margot arrived thirty minutes late with a wooden train set and their son.

"Hannibal, Will, meet the reason we were late," Alana said, adjusting her son on her hip. "Nigel Verger, who decided to spit up all over himself just as we were leaving."

Nigel had sparse blond hair and dark eyes that roamed the room while he absentmindedly sucked on his left hand.

"Hello, Nigel," Hannibal greeted.

"You little stinker," Will smiled.

Nigel babbled incoherently in reply.

It was quickly decided to introduce the two children to each other. Abigail was more interested in her new toys while Nigel kept pointing at her then looking up at Alana with wide eyes.

"Yes, that's Abby," Alana told him.

Nigel looked back at Abigail and blew a raspberry.

Cake was served not long after, with Abigail's mash cake being unevenly split between her and Nigel. The adults ate their cake and made friendly small talk until it was nap time and the Vergers left.

A few days later, Will stood in the kitchen, making dinner with Abigail playing on the floor at his feet. He heard the door open followed by Hannibal's voice announcing himself.

Abigail clapped her hands and began crawling towards the sound of her papa's voice.

"Good evening, Abigail," Hannibal said when he saw her.

Will almost missed what happened next, but he turned just in time. Abigail pulled herself up on the door frame then took five steps towards Hannibal before steadying herself on his pant leg.

"You just took your first steps, *zuiki*," Hannibal told her.

"I almost missed it!" Will exclaimed.

Hannibal lifted Abigail onto his hip and kissed her. She squealed and threw her arms around Hannibal's neck.

"Papa."

Hannibal's eyes widened and Will had to lean against the counter.

"I think she has a new favorite," Will breathed.

"Papa."

"It appears so," Hannibal agreed.

Nightmare Before Halloween

Chapter Summary

Halloween is coming up and Abigail wants to go trick-or-treating, which isn't something Hannibal likes. Will she get to enjoy a fun evening with friends?

Chapter Notes

Yes, I am publishing this on Nov. 1, but I had two other fics to publish yesterday.

Abigail is 6 years old in this chapter, which is around how old I was when I first discovered "Nightmare Before Christmas". Mischa and Adam are three years old.

Hannibal and Will had had their disagreements before, but Hannibal had never thought they would disagree over Halloween. He didn't see the appeal of going around and asking for candy, but he did see the social appeal for children. In the past, they had taken Abigail to see Margot and Alana's to get candy and play with Nigel. However, this year was different.

Abigail had discovered *The Nightmare Before Christmas* and was in love with Halloween. Her kindergarten classmates had also contributed to her love for Halloween and now she wanted to go trick-or-treating "properly" with her friends.

"She should be allowed to go," Will said. "I know you don't like Halloween, but it would make Abby happy."

Hannibal frowned. "I want her to be happy, but there are boundaries I want to set."

"Such as?" Will prompted.

"I am not someone who should be a member of the PTO, Will," Hannibal replied.

Will chuckled. "You would run the PTO."

Hannibal couldn't deny that.

"Going out trick-or-treating would make Abby happy," Will pressed.

"Very well," Hannibal consented. "However, I will be making her costume myself."

“Yay!” Abigail exclaimed, running into the kitchen from where she’d been eavesdropping in the doorway. She threw her arms around Hannibal’s legs and beamed up at him. “Thank you, papa.”

“You're welcome, *zuiki* .”

True to his word, Hannibal got to work making Abigail's costume. She changed her mind several times before deciding on Sally. It delighted Will to see Hannibal get annoyed with the patchwork nature of Sally’s dress.

When Mischa and Adam found out that Hannibal was making costumes, they demanded costumes of their own. Mischa asked to be a princess while Adam wanted to be a raccoon.

On Halloween night, Abigail ran down the front steps to meet her friends before turning back and smiling. Her Sally needed a Jack Skellington and only one of her parents would do.

Hannibal walked down the front steps wearing a black and white pinstripe suit and skeleton makeup (expertly applied by Will).

“Have fun you two!” Will called from the doorway.

Mischa stood at Will’s side in her beautiful princess dress with her thumb in her mouth. Adam was in Will’s arms in a raccoon onesie, head on Will’s shoulder.

“Enjoy passing out candy,” Hannibal replied.

Mischa waved at him and Adam yawned sleepily.

When Hannibal and Abigail returned, Adam was asleep in Will’s arms and Mischa was sitting on the rug, fighting to stay awake. Hannibal picked her up while Abigail went to Will to show him her candy haul.

Mischa rested her head on Hannibal’s shoulder and instantly feel asleep.

“She wanted to stay up until you came home,” Will explained.

Hannibal softly smiled and kissed Will’s forehead.

“Sort your candy then it’s bedtime, Abby,” Will told her.

She moved onto the rug and Hannibal sat beside Will.

“How was it?” Will asked.

Hannibal took a breath before admitting that he had enjoyed it.

“Good,” Will said, nuzzling his mate’s throat.

Hannibal rumbled happily.

A few moments later, Will and Hannibal took their children upstairs to go to bed. Will gave Abigail a bath while Hannibal put the twins in their pajamas and into their beds. He then came into Abigail's room to kiss her goodnight while Will went to kiss the twins goodnight.

“Thank you for going trick-or-treating with me, papa,” Abigail said.

Hannibal kissed her forehead. “You’re welcome. Goodnight, *zuiki.”*

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